

The World.

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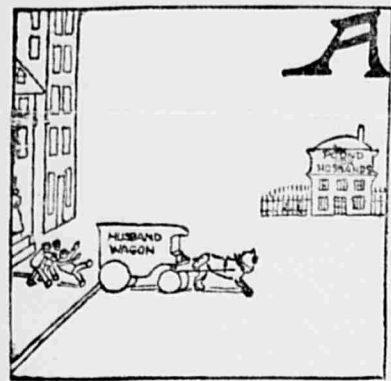
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MOTHERS-IN-LAW.



YONKER'S LAWYER was shot in the back of his head last Sunday by his mother-in-law. The mother-in-law's aim was good, but her revolver was of too small a calibre to penetrate effectively her son-in-law's skull and he will recover. He must have had a thick skull if he persistently defied his mother-in-law's wishes and authority.

The mother-in-law might not have undertaken such effective means of subjugation had she not another candidate waiting for the job of son-in-law. She accuses the lawyer of having misled her as to his income and of not earning enough money to support his wife in the style that her mother thought she should be supported.

To the old inquiry of "Why will men persist in marrying Lillian Russell?" should be added "Why will men persist in disobeying their mothers-in-law?"

A mother-in-law is a woman who has always had experience in managing one husband and sometimes several. She has always brought up at least one daughter and sometimes more. She knows men's weaknesses, vanities and faults. She knows their duties and how these duties should be performed.

Many a man makes the mistake of marrying a girl without having duly considered her mother. This is a grave error. While his domestic happiness depends on how he gets along with his wife, his domestic comfort and the financial management of the household will depend upon the kind of a woman his mother-in-law is.



There are two types of mother-in-law—the kind that get their way by force and the kind who have things their own way by humoring.

All mothers-in-law have their own way, but it makes a great deal of difference to the man which method is pursued.

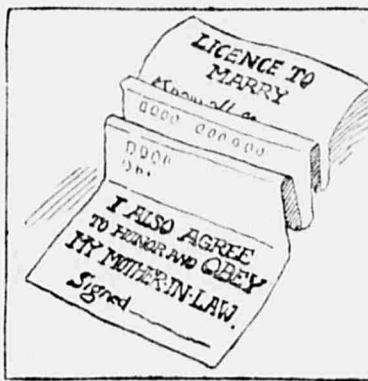
Some mothers-in-law work on the plan that constant dropping wears away the hardest stone, and that constant reiteration, sometimes called "nagging," will subdue the strongest man. It will. It may be hard upon the man, but it is sure to work.

The other plan is to make the man comfortable, to give him what he wants to eat, to humor him and cause him to imagine that he is the author of his mother-in-law's ideas. This, too, always works, and fortunate is the man who is the beneficiary of it.

What the Yonkers lawyer should have done when he found out that his mother-in-law wanted another son-in-law was to have resigned, making a suitable arrangement about alimony, and gone somewhere else. He would have avoided being in the hospital now.

The lesson of all this is that a man should first get on good terms with his wife's mother. That is the best if not the only way for a man to handle his wife—having his mother-in-law do it for him.

A mother-in-law is as inexorable with her daughter as with her son-in-law. If he will only go about it right he can have her decide most questions of matrimonial difference in his favor. She will save money for him. She will look after his children's health better than any doctor or hired nurse. She will consult his comfort. All that he need do is to recognize her openly as the head of the house, and he might as well do this in the beginning.



Letters from the People.

Marriage License.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
Is it necessary to procure a marriage license in the States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey?
P. L. M.

A marriage license is required in Pennsylvania. In New Jersey it is required only of non-residents.

"Is His Debt Paid?"

To the Editor of the Evening World:

A reader asks if a man gives another two bills of \$20 each in payment for one bill of \$40, does the debt is paid? The first bill of \$20 is 40 feet by 40 feet by 40 feet. Multiple these, and you have 64,000 cubic feet. The two bills are each 20 feet by 20 feet by 20 feet. Multiple these, and you have 8,000 cubic feet. Two of them will be 16,000 cubic feet. Hence the debt is not paid, but 48,000 cubic feet. J. H. WATSON, JR.

An Office Boy's Troubles.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

"A Nassau Street Office Boy" wrote the grievances. All he said was true, and he may add more. I am employed as an office boy, and I know. If any one makes a mistake or plays some trick in the office it is sure to be blamed on the office boys. Let's hear from others on this subject.

UPTOWN OFFICE BOY.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

There are three cannibals and two missionaries on the bank of a river and they wish to cross. Only one cannibal and two missionaries can row, and the boat will hold only two. If one mission-

ary is left with two or more cannibals he will be eaten. How was it arranged so that they crossed safely, readers? I and several others have tried to arrive at the solution, but to no avail.
H. E. F.

Two Problems.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Will readers solve the two following problems? "If a note for \$40 was drawn on Aug. 12, 1907, for six months, and discounted on Jan. 1, 1908, at 6 per cent., what would be the discount and the net proceeds (face of note less interest), the note bearing interest at 3 per cent.?" "Mr. Brown can buy a house for \$7,000 cash, or for \$7,400 on one year's credit without interest. Which is the better investment and by how much? Money being worth 5 per cent.?"
A. O. K.

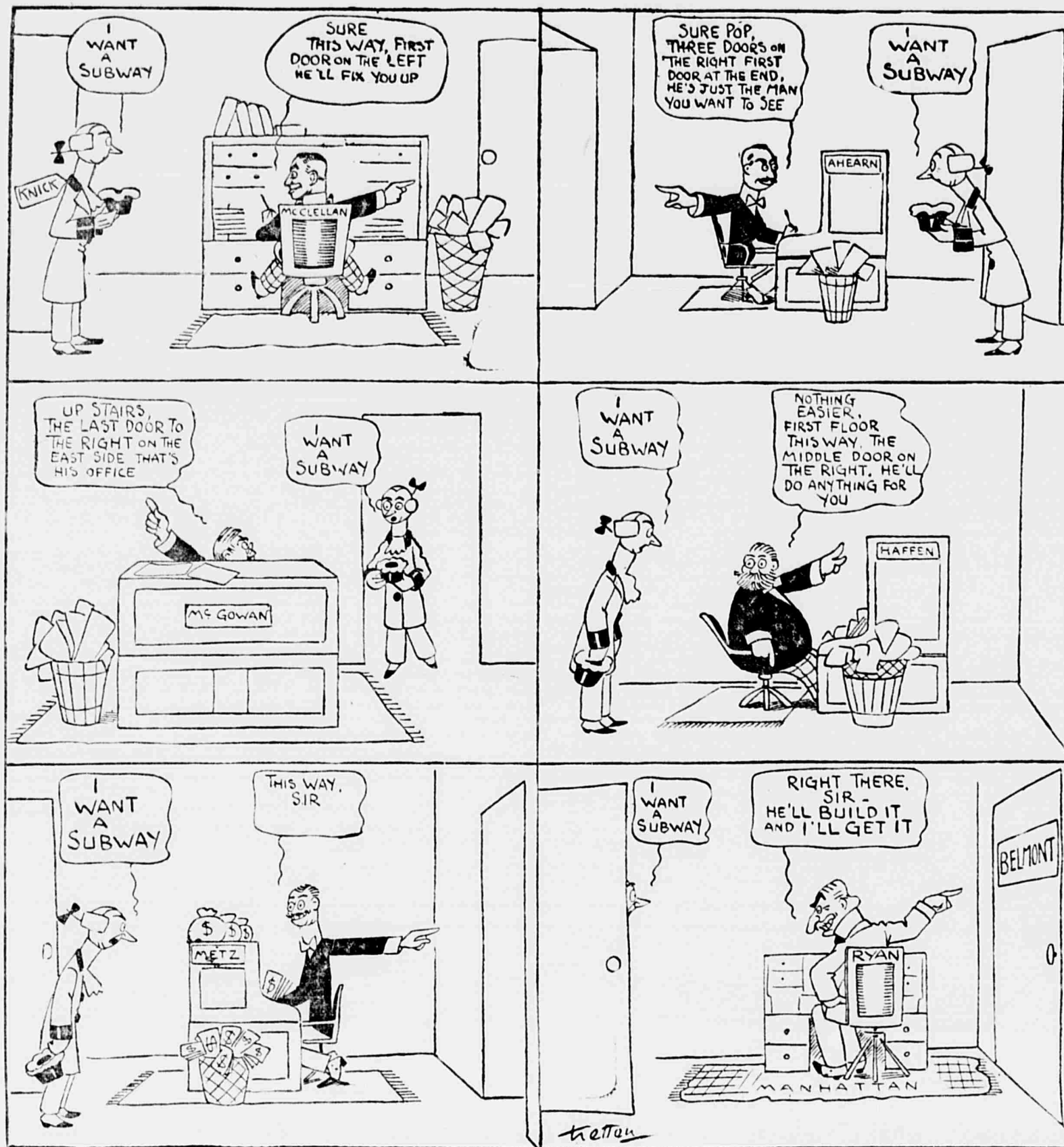
"Thirty-Day" Veterans.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

A correspondent invites discussion on pensions for men who enlisted for thirty days during the civil war. I would like to hear from veterans, if they ever met a thirty-day warrior on any of their long marches. Did they meet with one crossing over the Rappahannock River or wading the Rapidan, or did a genuine vet ever meet a thirty-day man with Virginia mud on his shoes during the war? Let Congress or different States issue service medals for war veterans that were put on the firing line, that saw real hardships under McCalla, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, Sherman, Sheridan, Grant and others.
ARMY OF POTOMAC VET.

He Wants His Subway.

By Maurice Ketten.



Why Is It, When Two Women Get Together to Discuss Clothes, They Always Contrive to Make Poor Ananias Look Like a Saint?

By Roy L. McCardell.



"How do you like your gray chiffon velvet made up?" asked Mrs. Rangle.

"I don't think I'll have it made up at all, now that the spring is at hand," said Mrs. Jarr. "I think I'll wait till next fall, for if I get it made up now I won't have much chance to wear it, because it will be too heavy, and besides that, the styles are bound to change some for next fall, and if I am getting an expensive dress made up I might as well get it made in what's the latest."

"Yes, it is best to do that," said Mrs. Rangle, "because the influence of a style always lasts two seasons at least, and people of modest means do not have many good dresses."

This was to remind Mrs. Jarr that if she had a velvet chiffon dress she mustn't get too far up in the clouds, because it would be about the only one she'd have.

"I could have it made over, though, you know," said Mrs. Jarr, ignoring the thrust in the supreme satisfaction of feeling that if she would have but one expensive dress Mrs. Rangle would have none at all. "That's why I am not going to have the velvet chiffon made up till next fall," she continued. "My dressmaker is going to make over a couple of my dresses. She told me that the way some I had made was just the ruin of the materials."

"They all say that," said Mrs. Rangle. "I've never heard them say a kind word of another woman's work. They will admit an imported dress looks nice, but to show one native dressmaker's dress to another native dressmaker is just like waving a red flag at a bull."

"My dressmaker won't make over a dress for anybody under any circumstances," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Except you, of course, and not so much because she likes you, but because it is a sin and a shame for any woman to have fine goods butchered that way," said Mrs. Rangle.

"Who told you?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"They all tell me," replied Mrs. Rangle. "It's the same old cry. They all pretend they never make a dress over, but if they can't get you to let them make you a new dress they'll make over the old one all right. Have you a good dressmaker now?"

"Oh, fairly good," said Mrs. Jarr, carelessly. "But I find the best way is not stick to one—change around."

"They'd drive you to distraction," said Mrs. Rangle with a sigh, for she intended that Mrs. Jarr shouldn't outdo her in the gentle fiction that a complete change of costume was no rarity in the Rangle household either.

"Have you a new dressmaker?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I wish you'd tell me who she is and what she charges."

"Oh, no, the one I have suits me," said Mrs. Rangle, languidly. "She's very dear, but, then, she only sews for the best people, and so many of them don't pay her that she has to charge high prices; so I don't think I will change. For, while what you say is true about each dressmaker expressing a certain individuality in the dresses she makes, still I have the comfort of knowing that the individuality of my dressmaker is expressed in what is smart and swaggy."

"Of course, my dear, that is a matter of opinion," said Mrs. Jarr in her blandest manner. This to imply that Mrs. Jarr, as a competent judge of style and fashion, differed in this opinion.

"Still, I don't mind trying a new dressmaker on a little cheap dress, the materials of which I have," said Mrs. Rangle. "So I thought you could tell me of a new good one that was reasonable in her prices."

"It is what I wanted you to tell me," said Mrs. Jarr. "I understood from Mrs. Kittingly that you had a find."

"I think I told her I was trying to find a find," said Mrs. Rangle. And after a little more discussion on dress the two parted.

"As if I'd be fool enough to tell all I know!" said Mrs. Rangle to herself as she departed.

"Let her find her own dressmaker! She's always trying to copy me," thought Mrs. Jarr.

That afternoon both ladies met at their new dressmaker's. It was the same one. How pleased they were!

Dolly Finds Her Papa Very Easy ☆ ☆ By M. F. Neale



The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 42.—BELLINI'S "I PURITANI."

ARTHUR, Lord Talbot, while serving in Cromwell's Puritan army in 1648, was secretly devoted to the Stuart (or Royalist) cause. King Charles I. of England had been overthrown and captured by the Puritans. His Queen, Henrietta Maria, had sought to escape to France in disguise, but had been arrested on suspicion and confined in Plymouth fortress. Lord Walton, Puritan Governor of Plymouth, had a beautiful daughter, Elvira. She and Arthur had fallen in love with one another. But a seemingly impassable barrier between them was the fact that Lord Walton had pledged Elvira's hand to Sir Richard Rangle, a colonel in the Puritan army. Richard adored the girl, but she regarded him with loathing.

In despair Elvira appealed to her aged uncle, Sir George Walton. Sir George took pity on her and pleaded her cause so successfully with his brother, Lord Walton, that the latter consented at length to his daughter's marriage with Arthur. Richard, furious at his rejection, vowed vengeance. Arthur and Elvira were in raptures over their approaching marriage.

On the morning set for the wedding, just as Elvira was merely displaying her gifts to Arthur and Henrietta, word came that the disgraced Queen was to be sent at once to London to be placed on trial for her life. Arthur, loyal at heart to the Stuarts, sought some means of saving the unhappy woman. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. Elvira had playfully cast her bridal veil over Henrietta's head to study the artistic effect. This gave Arthur his clue. He hurriedly explained his plan to the Queen.

When Elvira withdrew to dress for the ceremony Arthur wrapped the long veil about Henrietta, wholly hiding her face. Then with her arm in his he prepared to lead her from the house, knowing that all who might see them would believe it was Elvira he was leading to the church. But before they could reach the gate Richard threw himself in their path, sword in hand, and challenged Arthur to mortal combat. Arthur willingly accepted. But Henrietta rushed between the rivals. The veil fell off. Richard recognized her and understood the whole plan. Yet he did not denounce the fugitives. He foresaw a deadlier revenge in allowing them to pass un molested.

The Queen and her rescuer left the fortress in safety, and, mounting swift horses, were speeding away when Elvira and the wedding party from the great hall above saw them. There was but one supposition in the minds of all: That Arthur was eloping with another woman. Lady Walton, in rage ordered the couple pursued a shriek from Elvira drew all eyes to the unfortunate maiden. The shock had proved too great for her brain. Believing herself deserted by Arthur she had gone mad. . . .

Lord Walton was at first deemed responsible by Parliament for Henrietta's escape. But he was soon cleared of blame and a warrant issued for Arthur's arrest. Richard sent his troops to scour the country in search of his missing foe. Meanwhile Elvira's condition remained unchanged. At times she thought herself standing at the altar with Arthur by her side. Again she would wander dazedly around the fortress grounds seeking her lost lover. Physicians declared that only a sudden and overwhelming joy could restore her reason.

Old Sir George, hearing that Richard was to have charge of Arthur's capture, openly accused the Puritan colonel of having failed to bring about the young man's escape, and begged him for Elvira's sake, to spare a fugitive should the latter fall into his soldiers' hands. At first Richard angrily declined. But finally won over by Sir George's eloquence, consented to forgive and assist the man he hated. . . .

Free from the past, Arthur, hunted like a wild beast, still refused to leave England. At risk of life and with Richard's soldiers close behind him, he returned to Plymouth for one more sight of Elvira. He had purposed, he reached the gardens of her home late one evening. Hiding there while the soldiers searched the neighboring streets, he met Elvira face to face. She was wandering about as usual looking for her long absent lover. She embraced Arthur in ecstasy. But to his horror he saw she was mad. Her voice attracted the passing soldiers. With Richard and Sir George at their head they entered the garden.

Recognizing Arthur, the troops seized and bound him. The shock of the meeting and of the arrest cleared the mists from Elvira's mind. She was once more sane, but too weak to resist. Arthur, in a last effort, a traitor's death confronted him. Briefly he explained the reason for his flight upon the wedding morning, and showed her she had no cause for jealousy against the woman he had rescued. Then, embracing Elvira once more, the captive yielded to the guards and was about to be led away to prison.

Suddenly a messenger entered bearing to the fortress a proclamation that, as the Stuarts were now utterly overcome, all political prisoners should be at once set free. Arthur was released. The last obstacle to his union with Elvira was removed and the lovers were forever at an end.

The Story of "The Prophet" Will Be Published To-Morrow.

Husbands and Careers for Women.

By Helen Oldfield.

WITH all the ado made nowadays about the new woman, who, after all, as Austin Dobson says, is "as old as Eve," it is much to be doubted whether the average woman has any genuine or deeply rooted hankering after independence. To be sure, there are many women who, clever and capable, naturally take pride and pleasure in the talents which render them able to fight the battle of life for themselves, and not only to fight but to win, to owe no man anything. But St. Paul qualified that concept of independence with the injunction to "love one another," and the men who really desire to put love out of their lives are not many; the women are so few as to be practically non-existent.

It is a mistake to speak as if that dependence were a thing of the past. It is not, neither indeed is it ever likely to be. "Male and female created he them"; in the scheme of the universe the sexes are interdependent, and it is impossible to do away with love and marriage, which make them one.

Although every year now women are breaking out of the narrowness of economic independence, yet a great proportion of those are pushed forth by circumstances, of necessity rather than volition, and would gladly return into the shelter of dependence if a favorable and pleasant opportunity so to do were afforded them. Also it is to be fairly questioned whether many of those whose mental ability requires an outlet do not feel in their secret souls that they have misused that which in life is best worth having, and that they would give up their careers should the right man lift a finger.

Else why is it that so many of the workers themselves, women who surely may be supposed to have attained freedom, still are anxious to masquerade in opinion, and conform to convention? Able, free and successful women insist upon the fact that they are the "old-fashioned type of woman" in the conventional sense, although their way of living, and their ideas of what a "womanly woman" may do, are such as their grandmothers would have held up their hands at with horror.

It was a wise woman who said that any who would was welcome to the rights of woman, so long as she might enjoy all her privileges. The woman who can stand alone justly may be proud of her strength, but it is much to be doubted whether she greatly enjoys the exercise of that strength, whether she would not rather lean upon or, at most, stand shoulder to shoulder with a good man and true. Indeed, the stronger a woman mentally is, the greater is her delight in voluntarily submitting her will to the greater strength of the man whom she loves.—Chicago Tribune.

The Animal Life of the Sea.

By H. J. Shannon.

UPON the sand at the water's edge there lies a particle of jelly-like substance, inconspicuous and almost invisible, but at this season one moves in such a world of wonders the merest atoms of tissue are seen to be informed with such varied and vivid life that I lift the particle carefully upon a shell and drop it into a jar of water, to see a strange unfolding, a beautiful transformation. The central mass expands into a double-chambered bell of pure and transparent vesiture, and those gossamer globes begin to contract with regular rhythmic motion, lifting the creature upward and softly urging it forward by their quickly repeated pulsations, while from below four gradually lengthening tentacles trail backward with graceful undulation.

This beautiful medusa, the Sarsia mirabilis, is the earliest of our jelly fishes to appear in spring. By its pleasing and graceful form, by its eager and tireless movements, it seems to visit our shores at this season almost like an Ariel of the deep—voiceless, it is true, but throbbing with its message that the ocean's submerged shores and its dark abyssal chasms are all alike awakening to the Spirit that transforms the inner world.

One is at a loss to comprehend these creatures, so different in form from any that we are wont to associate with animal life. For, although without a head, they are yet capable of sensing the light and auditory vibrations; without hands, arms or antennae, they are yet responsive to tactile impressions, and although of such fragile and gossamer texture, are yet the vehicle of vivid and intensive life.—Harper's Magazine.

Don't Forget Your Crookedness.

If you are that rare person, a successful man, make it easy. Don't go along without nothing people. If a man wants to talk to you, let him. And try to realize that you are not altogether successful because of your lofty and commanding talents. Try to realize that you would be nowhere did you not possess within you sharpness and cuteness. Try to realize that, were you an exactly scrupulous and honest man, you would never be where you are. You had to master the art of blowing hot and cold.

You owe a great deal to the devious side of your character. Had you been a finer and a better and more honest man you would have failed.

So don't give yourself airs. Don't be stuck up.